

HalfLife Citizen 204: Part 2

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Category: Half-Life
Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2011-07-14 03:55:48
Updated: 2011-07-14 03:55:48
Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:54:42
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,066
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: What the first story says.

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The awkwardness of what just happened to them had soon ended when the train hit its top speed. A man sitting next to me says, "Heyâ€| you know what's going on?" "No idea, man," I said as I turned to him. He was white and had a black crew cut with hazel eyes. His uniform reads, Citizen 625. His facial expression showed toughness, but a hint of silent, hidden fear. "So, where are you from?" he said. "I live way far away, in Tulsa," I said. The man said, "I live here, in the city's downtown. My name's Ken, but most people call me Kenny." "Hi, Kenny," I said, "I'm Preston." Minutes of conversation turn into hours, laughing, sympathy, I begin to like Kenny. Before I know it, the hurt and depression turns into a glimmer of hope. I have a feeling that friends are going to be important on the road ahead. The train screeches to a halt, and the doors fly open. I am greeted by familiar figures; the identity-less figures with gas-masks. I hear a familiar voice speaking on a monitor, "Welcome to City 14. You have chosen or been chosen to be relocated to our newest urban center. Your administrator is Dr. Ohashi. Welcome to City 14â€| You'll be safe hereâ€|" "That's Wallace talking on the monitor!" I said. "Who-what?" said Kenny. "I'll explain later," I said. Dr. Wallace Breen was the administrator of Black Mesa. He's the reason this all happened. He was the one who gave the go order. We were ordered to line up and take one ration pack from this alien-looking machine. I noticed that daylight was fading. The wait lasted forever, my feet started to throb from standing too long. The sun had disappeared into the horizon and the station had done dark, only a few floodlights illuminated it. Finally, I received my ration pack and sat down on a bench to wait for Kenny. As soon as all of us got our rations, we were assigned apartment blocks. Luckily, Kenny and I got the same apartment; 546-A. Kenny and we soon find ourselves in a dark, but still alive, city filled with signs and propaganda. Sounds of police radios, planes, and trains fill the air. "We'd better get going," Kenny said. Walking down the street, we see gas mask people, other

citizens, and huge monitors seeming to overhang the city. As we arrive at our rooms, (Mine is next door to Kenny's) we handshake and head into the rooms. I come in to see a bed, a drawer, a bathroom, closet, and table. I put away the suitcase and ration and drift to sleep. I had just survived my first day in City 14.

I slowly open my eyes, awaking to a spark of curiosity. I wonder what was in the suitcase. Wait a second... crap! I forgot to get one! That man distracted me so much, I forgot! At least the ration pack had good stuff in it. It had soap, shampoo, food and water, toothpaste, a toothbrush, and first aid. So far, I was pretty well-stocked. After taking a shower, brushing my teeth, etc, etc. I hear a faint knocking on my door; it was Kenny. "Hey, I just wanted to warn you, the metro police are searching this block," he said. "The gas mask guys?" I said. "Yeah, someone in this block is a suspect of murdering a metro cop," Kenny said worriedly. We both start to hear footsteps coming up the stairs. We both get back in our rooms and wait for a cop to come barging in. The wait seems endless, fear runs throughout me. "Back against the wall, now!" a cop shouts. I nearly jump out of my skin, it startled me so much. The cop ties me up and throws me against the wall. He pats me down and searches the room, looking for weapons. He finds nothing, but I hear a familiar sound, the stunstick. "Initiating punishment level 1," the cops says in the radio, and my mind goes black.

I come to and see everyone lined up, back to the wall, awaiting orders including me. "Does anyone recognize this pistol?" a cop says. His suit is different from the others; he has an odd tribal design on his suit, a black mask, and glowing blue specs on the respirators. He looked like something of importance. "The first one to tell us gets to go back first," the cop said. Still, utter silence brings fear into my head. I think, please, someone just fess up! The cop fires his pistol at me and nearly misses my head. The shot echoes through the building and makes my ears ring. "Fess up now or he gets it!" the cop yells, "3â€| 2â€|" Oh, godâ€| I don't want to die! Holding tears back, time stands still. Someone finally says, "I know who owns a pistol like that." The greatest feeling of relief comes over me. "Everyone is excused when untied. Except for you, citizen 544," the cop exclaimed. I was one second away from being shot straight in the head. After a couple of hours, Kenny comes in to see how I was doing. "Hey, you doing okay?" he says. "Yeahâ€| just shaken up a bit," I answer. Being courteous, he changes the subject. "So, who's this Wallace guy you were talking about?" he asked. "Oh, yesâ€| you know what Black Mesa is, right?" I began. "Yeah, I saw the news report," he said. "Well, I used to work there part-time as a security guard. My friend, during lunch would tell me secrets about this huge cataclysm effect if anything went wrong. Of course, I never believed him. Wellâ€| until now. Our administrator was Dr. Wallace Breen; he gave the go order to start the experiments. Even on days when we had technical problems, he would run the most potentially dangerous experiments," I explained. "So, basically, he started this whole thing," Kenny said, "We need to put this guy to justice." "I don't think just two guys ca stop him," I said. "You're rightâ€|" he said disappointedly. "Well, I'll see you later," he said walking out of my door. The question still buzzes, what has this world come to?

End
file.